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Chapter 1 by Voixage

St. Helena, the death mask of Napoleon in exile. Down the hill, streets lead to a home. Upstairs, furtive in bed, a boy dreams of failing calculus.

The 6pm train should have arrived in Boston two hours ago but now it's stuck in the snow. Dark cabin lit with rectangles of light. No one is alone.

A pelican lunges for pale plastic in Los Mochis. The bag's been floating in the harbor for a long while, getting greenish and wispy, disintegrating. Nearby mackerel scatter.

Near Aldebaran, nebulae coalesce.

He should have answered her text by now. The streetlights are already on in Cairns, and he can't still be at work. Clouds roll in over the hills, glowing faintly in the fading sun.

Ships rust in the lagoon off Rikitea. Tuna change their course to Minerva reef.

Red ants swarm over a dead grasshopper in Vilnius. Together, they jerk it slowly towards their nest under the curb by a graffitied wall.

At the Dar es Salaam Apple Store, a man in a white shirt is talking. Glass doors open and a cloud of heat escapes in a gust.

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A student in Cape Town stops walking to hover his thumb over the right emoji. Taps SEND with a jolt of unexpected adrenaline.

In Tromsö, conifers photosynthesise.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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